

BAD STEEL PRESENTS

# BASTILLE



## ALL THIS "BAD BLOOD"

WRITTEN BY DAN SMITH PRODUCED BY MARK CREW AND DAN SMITH  
RECORDED AT UNIT 24 AND ABBEY ROAD STUDIOS MIXED BY MARK CREW AND MARK 'SPIKE' STENT MASTERED BY BOB LUDWIG AND NAWEED AHMED  
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM FARQUARSON EDITED BY CHRIS 'WOODY' WOOD AND KYLE SIMMONS FEATURING VERITY EVANSON ON GUITARS GEMMA SHARPLES SOPHIE LOCKETT JULIET LEE  
WILLEMJIN STEENBAKKERS ALEXANDRA URQUHART AND RICHARD PHILLIPS FEATURING DAN BACKUP VOCALS TO KILL A KING





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CDVX 3097 / 00602537608140









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WRITTEN BY DAN SMITH DIRECTED BY MARK CREW AND DAN SMITH  
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS UNIT 24 AND ABBEY ROAD STUDIOS PRODUCED BY MARK CREW AND MARK 'SPIKE' STEVE PRODUCED BY BOB LUDVIG AND NAWFED AHMED  
CASTING BY WILLIAM FARQUHARSON CHRIS 'WOODY' WOOD AND KYLE SIMMONS COSTUME DESIGNER VERITY EVANSON HAIR DESIGNER GEMMA SHARPLES MAKEUP DESIGNER SOPHIE LOCKETT JEWELRY DESIGNER JULIET LEE  
EDITED BY WILLEMJAN STEENBAKKERS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ALEXANDRA UDDHART AND RICHARD PHILLIPS BASED UPON THE NOVEL BY PETER RABBIT TO KILL A KING  
A



## POMPEII

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Farquarson: Bass  
Chris "Woody" Wood: Drums  
Backing vocals by Ralph Pelleymounter,  
Jon Willoughby, Ian Dudfield and Josh Platman

I was left to my own devices  
Many days fell away with nothing to show  
And the walls kept tumbling down in the city that we love  
Great clouds roll over the hills bringing darkness from above

But if you close your eyes  
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?  
And if you close your eyes  
Does it almost feel like you've been here before?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?

We were caught up and lost in all of our vices  
In your pose as the dust settled around us

And the walls kept tumbling down in the city that we love  
Great clouds roll over the hills bringing darkness from above

But if you close your eyes  
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?  
And if you close your eyes  
Does it almost feel like you've been here before?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?

Oh where do we begin, the rubble or our sins?  
Oh where do we begin, the rubble or our sins?  
And the walls kept tumbling down in the city that we love  
Great clouds roll over the hills bringing darkness from above

But if you close your eyes  
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?  
And if you close your eyes  
Does it almost feel like you've been here before?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
How am I gonna be an optimist about this?  
If you close your eyes  
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all?

## THINGS WE LOST IN THE FIRE

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano, percussion and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Farquarson: Bass  
Chris "Woody" Wood: Drums  
Strings performed by Sophie Lockart, Juliet Lee,  
Willemijn Steenbakkers (Violin), Alexandra Ureghart (Viola),  
Richard Phillips and Verity Swanson (Cello)

Things we lost to the flames  
Things we'll never see again  
All that we have amassed  
Sits before us shattered into ash

These are the things  
The things we lost  
The things we lost in the fire, fire, fire

We sat and made a list of all the things that we had  
Down the backs of table tops - ticket stubs and your diaries  
I read them all one day when loneliness came and you were away  
Oh they told me nothing new but I love to read the words you use

These are the things  
The things we lost  
The things we lost in the fire, fire, fire

I was the match and you were the rock - maybe we started the fire  
We sat apart and watched all we had burn on the ground  
You said "we were born with nothing and we're  
we sure as hell have nothing now"  
You said "we were born with nothing and we're  
we sure as hell have nothing now"

These are the things  
The things we lost  
The things we lost in the fire, fire, fire

Do you understand that we will never be the same again?  
Do you understand that we will never be the same again?  
The future's in our hands and we will never be the same again  
The future's in our hands and we will never be the same again

These are the things  
The things we lost  
The things we lost in the fire, fire, fire

Flames they licked the walls  
Tenderly they turned to dust all that I adored

## BAD BLOOD

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

I don't wanna talk about it  
I don't wanna talk about it  
I don't wanna talk about it  
I don't wanna talk about it

We were young and drinking in the park  
There was nowhere else to go  
And you said you always had my back  
Oh but how were we to know?

That these are the days that bind us together, forever  
And these little things define us forever, forever

All this bad blood here  
Won't you let it dry?  
It's been cold for years  
Won't you let it lie?

If we're only ever looking back  
We will drive ourselves insane  
As the friendship goes resentment grows  
We will walk our different ways

But these are the days that bind us together, forever  
And these little things define us forever, forever

All this bad blood here  
Won't you let it dry?  
It's been cold for years  
Won't you let it lie?

I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore  
I don't wanna hear you talk about it anymore  
I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore  
I don't wanna hear you talk about it anymore

All this bad blood here  
Won't you let it dry?  
It's been cold for years  
Won't you let it lie?

## OVERJOYED

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

Oh I feel overjoyed  
When you listen to my words  
I see them sinking in  
Oh I see them crawling underneath your skin

Words are all we have  
We'll be talking, we'll be talking  
These words are all we have  
We'll be talking

And I hear you calling in the dead of night  
Oh I hear you calling in the dead of night

You lean towards despair  
Any given opportunity you're there  
But what is there to gain  
When you're always falling off the fence that way?

Words are all we have  
We'll be talking, we'll be talking  
These words are all we have  
We'll be talking

And I hear you calling in the dead of night  
Oh I hear you calling in the dead of night

And I hear you calling in the dead of night  
Oh I hear you calling in the dead of night

Oh I feel overjoyed  
When you listen to my words



## THESE STREETS

Written by Don Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Don Smith  
Don Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano, percussion and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Fergusson: Bass  
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums  
Dave De Rose: Drums  
Backing vocals by Ralph Palleymounter, Joe Willoughby,  
Ien Oudfield and Josh Platten

These streets are yours you can keep them  
I don't want them  
They pull me back and I surrender  
To the memories I run from

Oh we have paved these streets  
With moments of defeat

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves  
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else  
So I won't show my face here anymore  
Oh I won't show my face here anymore

These streets are yours you can keep them  
In my mind it's like you haunt them  
And passing through I think I see you  
In the shops of other women

Oh we have stained these walls  
With our mistakes and flaws

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves  
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else  
So I won't show my face here anymore  
Oh I won't show my face here anymore

All that's left behind  
Is a shadow on my mind  
A shadow cast upon the wall  
A silhouette and nothing more  
That is all that's left behind

But even if we won't admit it to ourselves  
We'll walk upon these streets and think of little else  
So I won't show my face here anymore  
Oh I won't show my face here anymore

## WEIGHT OF LIVING, PT II

Written by Don Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Don Smith  
Don Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Fergusson: Bass  
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums

The weight of living, the weight of living

All that you desired when you were a child  
Was to be old, was to be old  
Now that you are here suddenly you fear  
You've lost control, you've lost control

Do you like the person you've become...

Under the weight of living?  
You're under the weight of living  
Under the weight of living  
You are under the weight,  
The weight of living, the weight of living

It all crept up on you, in the night it got you  
And plagued your mind, it's in your mind  
Every day it's there to haunt you  
And you'll be old, soon you'll be old

Do you like the person you've become...

Under the weight of living?  
You're under the weight of living  
Under the weight of living  
You are under the weight,  
The weight of living, the weight of living

Tell yourself this is how it's going to be  
Oh tell yourself this is how it's going to be...

Under the weight of living  
You're under the weight of living  
Under the weight of living  
You are under the weight,  
The weight of living, the weight of living

## ICARUS

Written by Don Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Don Smith  
Don Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano, percussion and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Fergusson: Bass  
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums  
Verity Evanson: Cello

Look who's digging their own grave  
That is what they all say  
You'll drink yourself to death

Look who makes their own bed  
Lies right down within it  
And what will you have left?

Out on the front doorstep  
Drinking like a paper cup  
You won't remember this

Living beyond your years  
Aging out all their fears  
You feel it in your chest

Your hands protect the flames from the wild winds around you

Icarus is flying too close to the sun  
And Icarus' life it has only just begun  
It's just begun

Standing on the cliff face  
Highest fall you'll ever grace  
It scares me half to death

Look out to the future  
But it tells you nothing  
So take another breath

Your hands protect the flames from the wild winds around you

Icarus is flying too close to the sun  
And Icarus' life it has only just begun  
This is how it feels to take a fall  
Icarus is flying towards an early grave

You put up your defences when you leave  
You leave because you're certain of who you want to be  
You're putting up your armour when you leave  
And you leave because you're certain of who you want to be

Icarus is flying too close to the sun  
And Icarus' life it has only just begun  
This is how it feels to take a fall  
Icarus is flying towards an early grave

## OBLIVION

Written by Don Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Don Smith  
Don Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
Verity Evanson: Cello

When you fall asleep  
With your head upon my shoulder  
When you're in my arms  
But you've gone somewhere deeper

Are you going to age with grace?  
Are you going to age without mistakes?  
Are you going to age with grace?  
Only to wake and hide your face?

When oblivion  
Is calling out your name  
You always take it further  
Than I ever can

When you play it hard  
And I try to follow you there  
It's not about control  
But I turn back when I see where you go

Are you going to age with grace?  
Are you going to leave a path to trace?

But oblivion  
Is calling out your name  
You always take it further  
Than I ever can

When oblivion  
Is calling out your name  
You always take it further  
Than I ever can



## FLAWS

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
Dave De Rose: Drums

When all of your flaws and all of my flaws are laid out one by one  
A wonderful part of the mess that we made  
We pick ourselves undone

All of your flaws and all of my flaws, they lie there hand in hand  
Ones we've inherited, ones that we learn  
They pass from man to man

There's a hole in my soul  
I can't fill it, I can't fill it  
There's a hole in my soul  
Can you fill it? Can you fill it?

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve  
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground  
Dig them up - let's finish what we started  
Dig them up - so nothing's left unturned

All of your flaws and all of my flaws, when they have been  
exhumed  
We'll see that we need them to be who we are  
Without them we'd be doomed

There's a hole in my soul  
I can't fill it, I can't fill it  
There's a hole in my soul  
Can you fill it? Can you fill it?

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve  
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground  
Dig them up - let's finish what we started  
Dig them up - so nothing's left unturned

When all of your flaws and all of my flaws are counted  
When all of your flaws and all of my flaws are counted

You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve  
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground  
Dig them up - let's finish what we started  
Dig them up - so nothing's left unturned

All of your flaws and all of my flaws are laid out one by one  
Look at the wonderful mess that we made  
We pick ourselves undone

## DANIEL IN THE DEN

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano, percussion and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Farquarson: Bass

Moving along at a pace unknown to me  
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go  
Go, go, go, go, go

And you thought the lions were bad  
Well they tried to kill my brothers  
And for every king that died  
Oh they would crown another  
And it's harder than you think  
Telling dreams from one another  
And you thought the lions were bad  
Well they tried to kill my brothers

Felled in the night by the ones you think you love  
They will come for you

Dreaming along at a pace you'll understand  
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go  
No, no, no, no, no

And you thought the lions were bad  
Well they tried to kill my brothers  
And for every king that died  
Oh they would crown another  
And it's harder than you think  
Telling dreams from one another  
And you thought the lions were bad  
Well they tried to kill my brothers

Felled in the night by the ones you think you love  
They will come for you

Oh to see what it means to be free  
Of the shackles and the dreams that you claim to see

And felled in the night by the ones you think you love  
They will come for you

Felled in the night by the ones you think you love  
Felled in the night by the ones you think you love  
Felled in the night by the ones you think you love... love

## LAURA PALMER

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Farquarson: Bass  
Strings performed by Sophie Lockett, Juliet Lee,  
Willemijn Steenbakkers (Violin), Alexandra Urquhart (Viola),  
Richard Phillips and Verity Evanson (Cello)

Walking out into the dark  
Cutting out a different path  
Led by your beating heart

All the people of the town  
Cast their eyes right to the ground  
In matters of the heart

The night was all you had  
You ran into the night from all you had  
Found yourself a path upon the ground  
You ran into the night you can't be found

[Chorus]  
But this is your heart  
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?  
Pumps through your veins  
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?

Summer evening breezes blew  
Drawing voices deep from you  
Led by your beating heart

What a year and what a night  
What terrifying final sights  
Put out your beating heart

The night was all you had  
You ran into the night from all you had  
Found yourself a path upon the ground  
You ran into the night you can't be found

[Chorus]

If you had your gun would you shoot it at the sky?  
Why? To see where it would fall  
Oh will you come down at all?  
If you had your gun would you shoot it at the sky?  
Why? To see where your bullet would fall  
Oh will you come down at all?

[Chorus]

This is your racing heart  
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?  
Pumps through your veins  
Can you feel it? Can you feel it?

## GET HOME

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...  
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...

We are the lost people standing at the end of the night  
We are the greatest pretenders in the cold morning light

This is just another night and we've had many of them  
To the morning we're cast out but I know I'll land here again

How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...  
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...

There's a light in the bedroom but it's dark  
Scattered around on the floor are all my thoughts

This is just another night and we've had many of them  
To the morning we're cast out but I know I'll land here again

How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...  
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...

The birds are mocking me  
They call to be heard  
The birds are mocking me  
They curse my return

How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...  
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...  
Oh how am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...  
How am I gonna get myself back home? I, I, I...  
I'm lost



## POET

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Farquarson: Bass

Obsession it takes control  
Obsession it eats me whole  
I can't say the words out loud  
so in rhyme I wrote you down

Now you'll live through the ages  
I can feel your pulse in the pages

I have written you down now you will live forever  
And all the world will read you and you live forever  
In eyes not yet created  
On tongues that are not born  
I have written you down now you will live forever

Your body lies upon the sheets  
Of paper in words so sweet  
I can't say the words  
So I wrote them into my verse

Now you'll live through the ages  
I can feel your pulse in the pages

I have written you down now you will live forever  
And all the world will read you and you live forever  
In eyes not yet created  
On tongues that are not born  
I have written you down now you will live forever

I have read her with these eyes,  
I've read her with these eyes,  
I have held her in these hands

I have written you down now you will live forever  
The virtue's in the verse and you will live forever

I have written you down now you will live forever  
And all the world will read you and you live forever  
In eyes not yet created  
On tongues that are not born  
I have written you down now you will live forever

## THE SILENCE

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Farquarson: Bass  
Gemma Sharples: Violin

Tell me a piece of your history that you're proud to call your own  
Speak in words you picked up as you walked through life alone  
We used to swim in your stories and be pulled down by their tide  
Choking on the water, drowning, with no air in sight

Now you've hit a wall and it's not your fault  
My dear, my dear, my dear  
Now you've hit a wall and you hit it hard  
My dear, my dear, oh dear

It is not enough to be dumbstruck  
Can you fill the silence?  
You must have the words in that head of yours  
Oh, oh can you feel the silence?  
I can't take it anymore  
Cus it is not enough to be dumbstruck  
Can you fill the silence?

Tell me a piece of your history that you've never said out loud  
Pull the rug beneath my feet and shake me to the ground  
Wrap me around your fingers, break the silence open wide  
Before it seeps into my ears and fills me up from the inside

Now you've hit a wall and you're lost for words  
My dear, my dear, my dear  
Now you've hit a wall and you hit it hard  
My dear, my dear, oh dear

It is not enough to be dumbstruck  
Can you fill the silence?  
You must have the words in that head of yours  
Oh, oh can you feel the silence?  
I can't take it anymore  
Cus it is not enough to be dumbstruck  
Can you fill the silence?

If you give it a name then it's already won  
What you good for? What you good for?  
If you give it a name then it's already won  
What you good for? What you good for?

Cus it is not enough to be dumbstruck  
Can you fill the silence?  
You must have the words in that head of yours  
Oh, oh can you feel the silence?  
I can't take it anymore  
Cus it is not enough to be dumbstruck

## HAUNT (DEMO)

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

We make our agreements about when to meet  
And I'll leave you in the doorway  
The cold evening aches as it leaves in its wake  
Oh the memories left by the day

Oh and questioning why as you look to the sky  
That is cloudless up above our heads  
And thoughts come to mind how our short little lives  
Haven't left the path that they will tread

They will tread...

I'll come back to haunt you  
Memories will haunt you  
And I will try to love you  
It's not like I'm above you

Will wisdom we learn as our minds they do burn  
All the ties to naivety and youth  
To adults we grow and maturity shows  
Oh the terrifying rarity of truth

As you turn to your mind and youth thoughts they rewind  
And happenings and things that are done  
You can't find what's past make that happiness last  
Seeing from those eyes what you've become

What you've become...

I'll come back to haunt you  
Memories will haunt you  
And I will try to love you  
It's not like I'm above you

I will see you there  
Will see you there  
Will see you there...

I'll come back to haunt you  
Memories will haunt you  
And I will try to love you  
It's not like I'm above you



## WEIGHT OF LIVING PT. I

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Farquarson: Bass  
Chris 'Woody' Wood: Drums

There's an albatross around your neck  
All the things you've said and the things you've done  
Can you carry it with no regrets?  
Can you stand the person you've become?

Oh there's a light  
Oh there's a light

Your albatross - let it go, let it go  
Oh your albatross - shoot it down, shoot it down  
When you just can't shake the heavy weight of living

Stepping forward out into the day  
Shrugging off the dust of memory  
Though it's soaring still above your head  
It is out of sight and none shall see

Oh there's a light  
Oh there's a light

Your albatross - let it go, let it go  
Oh your albatross - shoot it down, shoot it down  
When you just can't shake the heavy weight of living  
When you just can't seem to shake the weight of living

It's the sun in your eyes

Your albatross - let it go, let it go  
Your albatross - shoot it down, shoot it down  
When you just can't shake the heavy weight of living  
When you just can't seem to shake the weight of living  
The weight of living  
The weight of living

## SLEEPSONG

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Farquarson: Bass  
Verity Evanson: Cello  
Gemma Sharples: Violin

Oh in the strangest dreams  
Walking by your side  
It is the hole and you impose upon your life  
When you're out loneliness, it crawls up in the crowd  
It's what you feel but can't articulate out loud

Oh you go to sleep on your own  
And you wake each day with your thoughts  
And it scares you being alone  
It's a last resort

All you want is someone  
Onto whom you can cling  
Your mother warned of strangers and the dangers they may bring  
Your dreams and memories are blurring into one  
The seams which hold the waking world have slowly come undone  
You'll come undone

Oh you go to sleep on your own  
And you wake each day with your thoughts  
And it scares you being alone  
It's a last resort

Don't talk to strangers  
And don't walk into danger

Oh you go to sleep on your own  
And you wake each day with your thoughts  
And it scares you being alone  
It's a last resort

## DURBAN SKIES

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

All that I've got to be thankful for  
All that I've got to be thankful for  
In the heat try to love these streets

In this town it all went down  
Our chromosomes in sepia tones  
In my mind, in my mind, in my mind

Where you led your lives before  
From our small island  
Brought right back to these shores  
To these shores, to these shores

It's alive, it's alive  
When I see it through your eyes  
It's alive, it's alive  
Now I understand your lives

When you take me there  
You show me the city I see it through your eyes  
When you take me there  
We drive through the city beneath the Durban Skies

On the day you made your vows  
The heavens opened rain poured down  
It poured down, down, down

Grey and brown the seventies  
The suits you wore and the ones you loved  
Were so young, were so young, god you were so young

It's alive, it's alive  
When I see it through your eyes  
It's alive, it's alive  
Now I understand your lives

When you take me there  
You show me the city I see it through your eyes  
When you take me there  
We drive through the city beneath the Durban Skies

All that I've got to be thankful for...

When you take me there it's alive  
When you take me there it's alive

## LAUGHTER LINES

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
Backing vocals by William Farquarson and Chris 'Woody' Wood  
Strings performed by Sophie Lockett, Juliet Lee,  
Willemijn Steenbakkers (Violin), Alexandra Urquhart (Viola),  
Richard Phillips and Verity Evanson (Cello)

You took me to your favourite place on earth  
To see the tree they cut down ten years from your birth  
Our fingers traced in circles round its history  
We brushed our hands right back in time through centuries

As you held me down you said:

"I'll see you in the future when we're older  
And we are full of stories to be told  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
I'll see you with your laughter lines"

Changes on our hands and on our faces  
Memories are mapped out by the lines we'll trace

As you held me down you said:

"I'll see you in the future when we're older  
And we are full of stories to be told  
Cross my heart and hope to die  
I'll see you with your laughter lines"

Ashen faces in cool breeze  
Ashen faces in cool breeze  
Armed with stories you will leave  
Oh armed with stories you will leave

I'll see you in the future when we're older  
And we are full of stories to be told

Cross my heart and hope to die  
I'll see you with your laughter lines  
I'll see you in the future when we're older  
I'll see you in the future when we're older



BAD STEEL INC. IN ASSOCIATION WITH MARK CREW A BASTILLE BACKTAP

# BASTILLE

## IN OTHER PEOPLE'S HEARTACHE

### OF THE NIGHT

Written by Benito Benitez, John Garrett III, Michael Gaffey,  
Francesco Bontempi, Giorgio Spagna, Annelise Gordon, Theo  
Austin and Peter Wilfred Glickster  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
Dan Fridley: Backing vocals

Rhythm is a dancer  
It's a source companion  
People feel it everywhere  
Lift your hands & voices  
Free your mind and join us  
You can feel it in the air  
Oh it's a passion  
Oh you can feel yeah  
Oh it's a passion  
Oh...

You can put some joy upon my face  
Oh sunshine in an empty place  
Take me to turn to and babe I'll make you stay

Oh I can ease you of your pain  
Feel you give me love again  
Round and round we go each time I hear you say

This is the rhythm of the night  
The night, oh yeah  
The rhythm of the night  
This is the rhythm of my life  
My life, oh yeah  
The rhythm of my life

Would you teach me how to love and learn  
There'll be nothing left for me to yearn  
Think of me a burn and let me hold your hand

I don't want to face to face the world in tears  
Please think again I'm on my knees  
Sing that song to me no reason to repent

This is the rhythm of the night  
The night, oh yeah  
The rhythm of the night  
This is the rhythm of my life  
My life, oh yeah  
The rhythm of my life

### THE DRAW

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Fairquharson: Guitar and bass

In my left hand there is the familiar  
In my right hand there's the great unknown  
I can see the madly different grass there  
But I'm drawn to wilder nights at home

Don't listen to your friends  
See the despair behind their eyes  
Don't listen to your friends  
They only care and want to know why

I can feel the draw  
I can feel it pulling me back  
It's pulling me back, it's pulling me  
I can feel the draw  
I can feel it pulling me back  
It's pulling me back, it's pulling me

Are you drifting way beyond what's normal?  
You round your mind the words that they would say  
When you go home everything's looks different  
And you're scared of be left behind

Just listen to your friends  
Trust their face look in their eyes  
Just listen to your friends  
They only care and hope you're alright

I can feel the draw  
I can feel it pulling me back  
It's pulling me back, it's pulling me  
I can feel the draw  
I can feel it pulling me back  
It's pulling me back, it's pulling me

BASTILLE

STONEY TADDEY (SOFT) ZAMBER MALPH PETERMANWINTER EMMA JAY BROWN KATE TEMPEST JARROLD ALEN BOUTSWORTH HAY ELIA EMMA CALVIN HADSON J. E. SPENCE

BASTILLE ADAM TOLLEY GARY KEVIN BRESS RANDY HURRUS TANUKA COVILLE RORY TADDEY (HIT) OLIVER DRA JAMIE SMITH JAMES LESTER SYDA THE DELPHINUS KATE TEMPEST JEFFERSON LANE CARL HEE

HANS ZAMBER CHRISTOPHER FRANCIS USMAN AL COREY MARK KNUTLER JANE LEWIS DALE LONGWORTH KEVIN STODOL CALVIN HADSON FLORENCE WELCH AND MADISON THOMAS WYNDHAM J. STONES ADRIAN ADAMS JAMIE SHAPPLES



## WHAT WOULD YOU DO

Written by Robert Fardo and Ryan Toby  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming

Boys and girls wanna hear a true story?  
Saturday night was at this real wild party  
There was liquor overflowin' the cup  
About five or six strippers trying to work for a buck  
So I took one girl outside with me  
Her name was Landi, she went to junior high with me  
I said "Why you up in there dancing for cash  
I guess a whole lot's changed since I see you last"  
She said

What would you do if you son was at home  
Crying all along on the bedroom floor  
'Cus he's hungry and the only way to feed him  
Is to sleep with a man for a little bit of money  
And his daddy's gone, in and out of lock down  
I ain't got a job now, he's off smoking crack now  
So for you this is just a good time but for me  
This is what I call life"

"Girl you ain't the only one to have a baby  
That's no excuse to be living all crazy"  
So she stared me right square in the eye and said  
"Every day I woke up hoping to die"  
She said "My god I know about pain cus  
Me and my sister ran away so our daddy couldn't rape us  
Before I was a teenage  
I done an' been through than shit you can't even relate to"

"What would you do if you son was at home  
Crying all along on the bedroom floor  
'Cus he's hungry and the only way to feed him  
Is to sleep with a man for a little bit of money  
And his daddy's gone, in and out of lock down  
I ain't got a job now, he's off smoking rock now  
So for you this is just a good time but for me  
This is what I call life"

"What would you do?"  
"Get up off my feet and stop making tired excuses."

## SKULLS

Written by Dan Smith  
Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
William Farquarson: Bass

I came here for sanctuary  
Away from the winds and the sounds of the city  
I came here to get some peace  
Way down deep where the shadows are heavy

I can't help but think of you  
In these four walls my thoughts seem to wander  
To some distant century  
When everyone we know is 6 feet under

When all of our friends are dead and just memory  
And we're side by side it's always been just you and me  
For all to see

When our lives are over and all that remains  
Are our skulls and bones let's take it to the grave  
and Hold me in your arms, hold me in your arms  
I'll be buried here with you  
And I'll hold in these hands all that remains

I don't want to rest in peace  
I'd rather be the ghost that annoys you  
I hope you can make me laugh  
6 feet down when we're bored of each other

A match is our only light  
It's day of the dead I'm Indiana Jones here  
These coins sit upon our eyes  
Pool our funds and pay the boat together

When all of our friends are dead and just a memory  
We'll lie side by side it's always been just you and me  
for all to see

When our lives are over and all that remains  
Are our skulls and bones let's join it to the grave  
Hold me in your arms, hold me in your chest  
I'll be buried here with you  
And I'll hold in these hands all that remains

And now it's all before you  
Hold me in your arms, hold me in your arms

When our lives are over and all that remains  
Are our skulls and bones let's take it to the grave  
Hold me in your arms, hold me in your arms  
I'll be buried here with you  
And I'll hold in these hands all that remains

## TUNING OUT...

O Holy Night arranged by Dan Smith and Mark Crew  
 Skulls written by Dan Smith  
 Produced by Mark Crew and Dan Smith  
 Dan Smith: Vocals, keyboards, piano and programming  
 Mark Crew: Keyboards and programming  
 William Farnsworth: Bass

O holy night the stars are brightly shining  
It is the night of your dear saviour's birth  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining  
Till he appeared and the soul felt its worth  
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn

Fall on your knees oh hear the angel voices  
O night divine  
O night that leads to morn

Fall on your knees oh hear the angel voices  
 O night divine  
 O night when christ was born  
 O night, O holy night  
 O night divine

THANK YOU...

Bastille is Chris Wood, Kyle Simmons, Will Fargnason and Dan Smith.

Thank you to all our families and friends for their support and encouragement. There are too many to name here but you know exactly who yo are. Huge thanks to everyone who we've been lucky enough to have work on our album. We massively appreciate everything you've done, big and small. Polly, Jack, Lisa - the Black Box Dream Team - you rule, Mark Crew - thanks for everything dude. A huge thank you to Nick Burgess and Ian Carey, and everyone at Virgin EMI (both old and new) you are awesome and we love you: Dan Sanders, Alfryea Ama, Jessica Amsil, Richard Ashdon, Jason Bailey, Jodie Cambridge, Janet Choudry, Ruth Clarke, Ted Cocksle, Alex Cooper, Luke Ferrar, Martin Fin, Gillian Fleet, Ashley Forbes, Mark Furman, James Hackett, David Joseph, Sam Kitchen, Tom March, Steve Marsh, Helene McGeough, Bruno Morelli, Claire O'Brien, Dave Rajor, Mark Rankin, Vic Sindermann, Claire Skelton, Tina Skinner, Thon Wreather, and to all of those in the Universal/EMI sales teams. Thanks to Darryl Waltz, Caroline Elery and everyone at Universal Music Publishing. Thank you to our US Team: Steve Barnett, Ashley Burns, Brittany Berman, Bill Carroll, Becca Colburn, Fiona Deering, Ron Fair, Erin Ginty, Ambrosia Healy, Michael Jobeier, Janine Pekunese, Howard Petruzzello, Dennis Reese, Matt Shelton, Greg Thompson. Massive thanks to Alex Hardee, Andy Clayton and the people at Coda Music Agency, Andy Fern and all at Digital Stores, Jenny Entwistle of Chuff Media, Chris Smyth at CPR Digital, Paul Piggett at La Digit. All the people who've helped with our visual stuff - thank you: Gregory Nolan, Tom Middleton, Fiana Eustace, Ignacio Torres, Austin Peters, Jesse John Jenkins, Olivier Groulx, Noran Aladi, Waa Ma. Loads of love to our awesome crew who we annoy on a daily basis: Paul "Coop" Cooper, Sam Wilkinson, Ben Kingman, Will Dart, Martin McAndrew, Dick Meredith.

**Recorded at Unit 24 and Abbey Road Studios. Strings**  
arranged by Mervyn Evanson. Dan Smith and Mark Crew.  
Mixed by Mark Crew. Engineer: Ian 1, 2, 9 and 11  
Stems mixed by Mark Smith. Stone mastered by Moxy  
Gwynne. Mastering by John Gossard by Mark Todd's Store,  
London. Original Mastering by Geoff Haverley by Bob Lathin  
Engineering, London. Second Mastering by Chris G. Mastering  
by James Lawrence. Remixed & Re-mastered by Universal Music  
Ltd., London. All tracks published by Universal Music Publishing  
Ltd. Except track 9 (Dino) re-published by Warner/Chappell  
Music Ltd. Song © of Logic GAMMIE. Big Music Ltd. Track  
13 (Dio) re-published by EMI Music Publishing Ltd. Track  
13 (Dio) re-published by Universal Music Publishing  
Ltd. Copyright Control. Previously On Other People's  
Hearts etc... Features re-arranged from Thinkin' Bout You  
Taylor/Broadus. Big Music Ltd./Kosmar Associated  
Publishers. A&R: Mick Burgess. Design by Alex Cooper.  
Workbooks Management: Black Fox Management.

